Prey

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Prey

by ninayoshi

Summary

Will is going to hunt his first meal to sate his hunger. Hannibal plans a hunt of his own, to sate an entirely different kind of need.

A continuation to Seven Days.

Notes

Feral Will has always been my soft spot... And this vampire au always makes me cry in joy. Featuring fang boner, it is a Real Thing now ™ .

To Rowan: I didn't know I liked primal play until you introduced me to the concept ;) This is a proverbial toast to that.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will greets Hannibal with a gentle kiss, bodies pressing against each other, craving for the heat that was lost during the hours Hannibal spent being a *normal* human working adult.

”Welcome back.” He murmured against his neck, as fingers combed through curls and nails scraped lightly against scalp. Hannibal presses another kiss, this time on his forehead. Doted, loved, and cherished.

”Have you been waiting long?” A rhetoric question that Will had to roll his eyes at. It was an obvious answer, and he would not give Hannibal the satisfaction of hearing his answer. The silence however, was an answer to which the doctor found satisfactory.

Both of them part after a while, Hannibal pouring out wine laced with blood in their glasses. Will hovers over the kitchen counter, sapphire-blue eyes meeting maroon-brown ones. A quiet contemplation about the other, intrigued. Fascinated.

“I have to apologise for the pain I had to put you through your Turning.” Hannibal was the first to break the silence, as Will sipped on the wine with barely a shrug. His eyes fluttered shut at the overwhelming taste of blood and wine, one flavour sharpening the tang of the other. Complementary. His lips part, unable to stop himself, fangs unsheathing as he licked at the pointed teeth. The unspoken plea for more was easily caught, and Hannibal obliged with the tip of the wine bottle.

His lips twitched in delight when Will scrambled to pick his thoughts up again. Knows his new mate and Child is flustered due to his heightened aroused state in response to blood. It always happen, and he would be damned if he does not use this fact to good and unscrupulous use.

What better way than to fuck him during his very first hunt?

Hannibal checked his watch, carefully putting away his emptied glass. “Now, listen carefully Will. We have two hours to seek food.”

It involved far more instructions and care than Will had anticipated. The proposed location was the woods, where Hannibal had already staked out. A lonely wanderer who was hellbent on coating the forest floor with litter, and that was enough to set Hannibal on edge. Two hours seemed... A little redundant. It might be Hannibal’s intention to be on the safe side.

He frowned at how Hannibal seemed intent on clarifying the risk of bloodlust and senseless murder, all with a tone akin to a lecturer but also with a daring tease.

As though Hannibal explicitly wants Will to fall apart.

”And Will? I want you to prepare yourself with a generous amount of lube. I have a few toys that can keep you loose throughout the hunt.”

The vampire in question did a spit take. Oh yes, Hannibal intended him to hunt uninhibited by anything. And the time limit is two hours. Hannibal ignored the reaction as he continued.

”Wear something comfortable. Preferable a simple shirt and slacks. No underwear.”

Will smirked, swirling the glass of red and scenting it. The doctor had already planned this in advance. “Who’s hunting who?”

”You will be hunting the livestock. Then, I’ll hunt you.”

He sipped loudly, knowing he will set Hannibal’s nerves on edge. The man opposite of him remained as rigid as stone, a plastic-fake smile plastered across his chiselled face. Teasing, prodding for more.

“And then what?”

”When you get caught,” (not if. Hannibal will catch him.) “I will bend you over and take you. Claim you as mine.”

”Hm.” Will downed the entire glass, thumbing at a stray drop and pressing it against Hannibal’s lips. To which he responded with haste, tugging the digit into his mouth and swirling at the flesh. Will’s eyes rolled back at the hint of what is to come as the sharp teeth bit gently into the flat of his thumb. A promise.

”So, shall we?” Will purred, as their lips meet over the counter, hands pulling each other ever closer.

It wasn’t hard to locate the offending man. In fact, the meal was practically gift wrapped. The stink of beer and leftover fast food clogged his nostrils, almost making him gag from a mile away.

When they found the tent, a scrappy middle-aged man stumbled out, scratching his ass unceremoniously in front of them

”Who th’ell are ya?” He slurred, and Will cringed.

”Am I eating that?”

”He’s surprisingly healthy despite his persistent alcoholism and apathy to nature.” Hannibal clarified, as the drunken man stumbled closer.

”I say-“

”I hear you.” Will snarled, flashing his fangs. “Shut up.” This time the poor livestock fell backwards, a scream caught in his throat as he tried so hard to stand, only to fall and fall again.

Pathetic, really.

“Go on.” Hannibal directed those words at the man who is now running for his life. Both of them checked their watch. Will shall give him a head start, and Hannibal simply waits for Will to start this hunt proper.

”Ten minutes.”

”Five.” Hannibal replies, and Will began walking towards where they had last seen their quarry.

Let the hunt begin.

New vampires often succumb to bloodlust, once again reduced to nothing more than animal instincts and gore dripping from fangs.

Hannibal sighs, a shaky breath as he watch muscles roiled and twists from Will’s back, watching him tear the poor livestock into pieces. Stuffing his face deep into the now emptied abdomen, drinking directly from within.

An animal. Pure and simple.

And Hannibal wants to hunt him down.

The beauteous savagery presented in front of him, of blood and gore mixed into the earth. Such poetry, of life and death and it’s various cycles borne from each other. How Will, despite his state of bloodlust, managed to paint such bold strokes on a blank canvas is a wonder to behold.

Hannibal stepped forward and Will’s head jerked backwards from his feed, snarling. His head tilted back at an awkward angle, the familiar gold-Black eyes of his regressed feral state staring back at him. A potential competitor. He continued to growl when Hannibal did not shy away, hunched on all fours. Teeth and claws and muscles, all poised to leap and tear him apart.

”Will,” He purred, and sees the immediate recognition in his Child’s eyes.

Hannibal grinned, licking his upper lip as his fangs extend.

”Run.”

Will does so on cue, leaping onto his feet. The superhuman strength allowed him to clear roots and branches alike, almost flying over the landscape. It thrilled him to feel so free, unbounded by humanity and morals alike. Darkness was not a scary thing; it is only scary for those who dwelled too comfortably in the light.

Will looked over his shoulder, laughing to himself when he did not see Hannibal. He had lost him this quickly, that silly doctor, thinking that he needed a head start-

Hannibal leapt down from one of the nearby trees and plucked Will out of the air as the younger vampire ran forward. Directly into the jaw of the beast, and slammed into the damp earth.

Will did not go down without a fight, clawing flesh and trying to catch Hannibal’s neck with his teeth. Hannibal was unperturbed; the glorious sharp pain of raking claws and those bitter

eyes of a prey caught is arousing, to say the least. Hannibal wants Will to fight, tooth and claw, to prevent this predator from mating with him.

Will plays so well into the role, whether he is actually consciously doing so or not is another matter.

”Beautiful creature, what are you doing, hunting alone?” Hannibal’s words were sweet and gentle, but the hand around Will’s neck was anything but.

His legs bracketed Will’s hips and he sat down, pleasantly surprised to find Will just as hard. With pressure against his straining cock Will began to buck up, his growls slowly fade into aggressive moans.

Hannibal lifted his hips and tore away the obstructing fabric, letting Will’s cock feel the cold nighttime air of the forest. He whimpered at the chill, before the swell of Hannibal’s ass grinded back down. Once again, Will eagerly grind and bucked, chasing pleasure from his cock and from the nestled dildo that Hannibal wanted him to insert.

”You needed to be claimed, don’t you? I can feel how needy you are. Slick dripping from your hole,” His free hand reached behind him, pressing a single finger against the base of the dildo. Will responded in his lovely, lust-filled whine, bucking so hard Hannibal had leaned forward and brace himself on his chest.

”I know, sweet boy. I know.” Will had stop resisting and instead demanding attention, bloody claws wrapping around the back of Hannibal’s neck to bring him in for a greedy kiss. Fangs scraped at flesh until blood dropped from the corners of their mouths, panting and moaning into each other.

Hannibal has to pull away. He would love to kiss and taste Will for an extremely long time, but the urgency of needing to take Will superceded any other desires.

He easily flipped Will over and pinned the back of his head, shoving his face into the ground, uncaring whether he was eating dirt or not. It earned him an angry growl and an attempted kick at Hannibal’s stomach. He lets out a huff of amusement, tugging at the toy that was lodged deep within him.

It was huge too; Will had spared nothing in his preparation, and that made his cock jump within its confines. He had been such a good boy for the doctor, and that behaviour should be rewarded. He shucked the waistband of his own expensive pair of slacks down, just enough to pull out his cock.

Hannibal shoved himself into Will just as he pulled the toy out, throwing it haphazardly onto the forest ground. Will is so loose, and the hot slick muscles surrounding him immediately clenched in respond to the loss of the dildo. Hannibal thrust forward at that, a growl caught in his own throat.

“H-Hannibal, please, fuck— fuck me-“ Will babbled, head tilted just enough to look behind himself and watch Hannibal with those golden irises. Sweet, needy boy. How can he refuse?

He began fucking into Will without a care in the world, hands gripping his hips tight enough that his own claws tore into Will's flesh. Will, now overwhelmed with pleasure, nearly howled as Hannibal slammed right into him, into his prostate. He could only think about that thick cock and how good it feels, again and again, and the pleasure that followed.

"Good, fuck me more, more, *more*-" Each word punches out of his lungs with a rough thrust, and Hannibal could not help but to lean forward and sink his teeth into Will's neck. Wanting to taste that delectable honey-sweet taste of pleasure in his blood, *needs* to.

"Will-" Hannibal's hips began to stutter just as Will fisted his cock quickly, both chasing their orgasms hurriedly, greedily. With another slam as Hannibal bit harder, nearly crushing spine with his jaws, both of the came, sounds unbidden and freely echoing into the dark woods. Reclaiming this space with their howls, like wolves.

Will's bones felt like jelly, tiredly rolling them both onto the ground. He huffed, the animal within him sated for now. Hannibal clicked his tongue, standing instead and helping the other to his feet, all the while dressing them up properly.

"We looked like we murdered someone." Will snorted, picking up the now sullied dildo with a grim look on his face. "Was about to shove this up your ass."

Hannibal seemed just a little disappointed that it did not happen. "I'll wash it up and you can do it to me when we get back."

Will took in a breath, mussing his dirty hair as he grabbed at his crotch, face flushed with borrowed blood. "Shut up."

Hannibal grinned, nuzzling at the bite that he had inflicted on Will, now closing up and healing quick.

"I am perfectly willing to be anything you want, as long as you say the word."

This time Will grins as well, all teeth. Predatorial.

"Mine."

End Notes

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